A

NAUTICAL COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

BILLEE TAYLOR;

OR,

"THE REWARD OF VIRTUE."

BY

H. P. Stephens

AND

Edward Solomon

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN THE HON. FELIX FLAPPER, R. N.,
of H.M.S. "Thunderbomb"..... *2d Tenor.*
SIR MINCING LANE, Knight..... *2d Tenor.*
BILLEE TAYLOR..... *Tenor.*
BEN BARNACLE..... *Baritone.*
CHRISTOPHER CRAB.. *Baritone.*
PHŒBE FAIRLEIGH.... *Soprano.*
ARABELLA LANE..... *Contralto.*
ELISA DABSEY.....
SUSAN.....
JANE SCRAGGS.....
CHARITY GIRLS.....

ARGUMENT.

THE story of this opera is founded on the old song of "Billy Taylor," a well-known English nautical ditty. The time of the action in 1805, when the press-gang was in full sway.

The First Act opens with a view of Southampton harbor at the old inn of the Royal George, when the villagers meet to rejoice over the approaching wedding of *Billee Taylor* and *Phœbe*, a charity girl. There is, also, an heiress, *Arabella Lane*, who is in love with *Billee*. She offers him her hand and fortunes, which he refuses. Her father, *Sir Mincing Lane*, a kindhearted old gentleman is going to give the villagers a feast at *Billee's* wedding. He invites his friend, *Captain Flapper*, to join in the festivities. The *Captain* falls in love with *Phœbe* at first sight, and vows that she shall not marry *Billee*. A tutor, *Crab*, is also in love with *Phœbe*. Among *Captain Flapper's* crew is *Ben Barnacle*, who has gone to sea on account of his love for *Eliza*, who has forsaken him for another lover. He is ordered by the press-gang to go and carry off *Billee Taylor*. During the festivities preceding the wedding, this plan is executed, and *Billee* is taken away, which brings the first act to a close.

The Second Act (two years having elapsed), opens with its scene laid in Portsmouth harbor. Ships are coming and going, while the sailors and their sweethearts, sit around the docks, watching some sailors dancing a hornpipe. All of the charity girls, among whom is *Phœbe*, have followed *Billee* to sea, disguised as sailor boys. *Billee*, in the meantime, has risen to be a lieutenant. *Sir Mincing Lane*, who has become a commander in the volunteers, appears, and endeavors to induce some of the volunteers to join his company. *Phœbe* is about to enlist, when *Barnacle* interferes, and there is a quarrel between the soldiers and the sailors. *Captain Flapper* stops the fight. Some one tells *Phœbe* that *Billee* has lost his love for her, and loves *Arabella*. She fires a pistol at *Billee* and *Arabella*, whom she sees in company, and is ordered to be shot. She then makes herself known. Matters are finally explained and set right, and all ends happily.

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BILLEE TAYLOR:

OR

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

ACT I.

SCENE — *The Village Green of a Village on Southampton Water.*

Peasants Discovered.

No. 1. — CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

To-DAY, to-day is holiday,
We'll keep it in the usual way,
While wedding-bells are ringing;
We'll drink the health with three times three
Of Phœbe fair, and bold Billee,
To each good wishes bringing.
Ha! ha! ha!

Here's to man and wife,
When the marriage-knot is tied;
Here's happiness, good luck, long life,
To the bridegroom and the bride.

Enter CRAB.

CRAB. What means this revelry, I pray?
CHORUS To-day, to-day is holiday,
We'll keep it in the usual way.
CRAB. Yes, as you say, in the usual way.

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When a villager has a holiday,
He keeps it in the usual way,
And joyously carouses.

CHORUS. Carouses! carouses!

CRAB. From morning until night,
To drink is his delight.
He's the pride of the public-houses.
When fill'd with ale and beer,
Then he knows no fear,
And the law of his country scorning,
By the constable he's caught,
And to the lock-up brought,
To reflect upon his sentence in the morning.
Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Villagers.*

CRAB, the desponding villain — How to prevent the marriage — ELIZA DALSEY — Why she is still a widow — CRAB's declaration of love for PHŒBE frightens ELIZA.

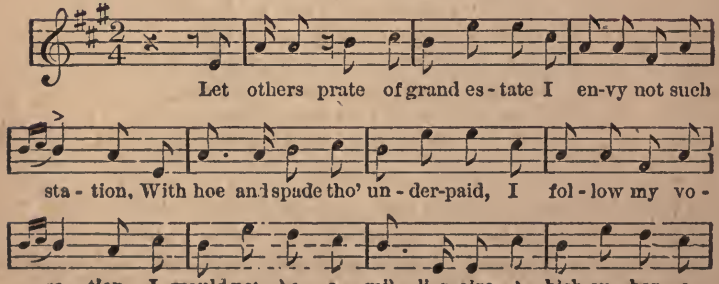
First appearance of the virtuous gardener, WILLIAM TAYLOR — His self-depreciation — His merits recognized by his old schoolmaster, Spare the rod and spoil the child — CRAB is off to his duty.

The value of friendship — The pleasures of moral gardening described in the song.

No. 2. — BALLAD.

BILLEE TAYLOR.

THE VIRTUOUS GARDENER.


Let others prate of grand es - tate I en-vy not such
sta - tion, With hoe and spade tho' un - der-paid, I fol - low my vo -
- ca - tion, I would not be a mil - lion-aire, A bish-op, bar - o -

-net, oi lord, For wealth and rank, I do not care, Since vir - tue, since
vir - tue is its own re - ward. With my
.ro - ses, and my lil - ies, and ge - ra - ni - ums, My
ap - ples and my cherries, and my currants, and my plums, My po -
- ta - toes and my tur - nips, and my fine bro - co - li,
rall - en - tan - do.
Who such a vir - tu - ous gard - ner as I?....
tempo
Who such a vir - tu - ous gard - ner as I?

The seeds I sow are sure to grow,
The trees I plant all flourish;
And near and far my pot-herbs are
Well known sick folks to nourish.
I deftly turn the new-mown hay,
Or neatly trim the fair greensward;
I work for eighteen-pence a day,
Since virtue is its own reward.
With my roses and my lilies, &c.

The fatal passion of Miss ARABELLA LANE for her father's retainer — urged by the nearness of the hour when he will be wedded to another she endeavors to awaken a spark of interest for herself in WILLIAM'S heart, and finally throwing aside all maidenly reserve, joins in

No. 3.—DUET—"Ifs and Ans."

ARABELLA *and* BILLEE.

ARA. If you were a maiden,
And I was a youth,
My voice with love laden
Should whisper all the truth:

How I lov'd you with passion—
How you were my joy,
If you were a maiden,
And I was a boy.

ARA. Would you say, No, no, no?
BILL. No, no, no!
ARA. Ah! my poor heart beats so!
BILL. No, no, no!
ARA. Would you say, Yes, yes, yes?
ARA. & BILL. Ah, confess! ah, confess!
Ah, yes; I'll confess!
ARA. Oh, tell, I pray, I pray!
BILL. Oh, don't pray!
ARA. & BILL. Tell me what would you say?
This is what I would say:
ARA. No, no, no, or Yes, yes, yes.
BILL. Not Yes, yes, yes!

BILL. If you were my lover,
And I a damsel fair,
Quickly you'd discover
That I'd no love to spare.

If my troth were plighted,
Prayers you'd vain employ;
If I were a maiden,
And you were a boy:

BILL. It would be No, no, no!
ARA. No, no, no!
BILL. Though it might grieve you so.
ARA. Woe, woe, woe!
BILL. It couldn't be Yes, yes, yes!
BILL. & ARA. I confess, I confess,
Say Yes, say yes.

BILL. Though you might pray,
ARA. What would you say?
BILL. } I still should say, should say,
& ARA. } Tell me, what would you say?
BILL. No, no, no! not Yes, yes, yes!
ARA. Not Yes, yes, yes!

WILLIAM is proof against temptation — ARABELLA'S despair.

Enter PHŒBE'S *Schoolfellows, the Charity girls.*

No. 4.—CHORUS OF CHARITY GIRLS.

CHORUS. Though we're bred upon charity
We have plenty hilarity,
We none of us whimper, or murmur, or sob.
We stick to our letters,
Are polite to our betters,
And our manners we show by our charity bob.
[*All courtesy.*

SUSAN. Of all of us the choicest sample
Assuredly is Phœbe,
To each girl she's a bright example,
Who and whatever she be.
At rule of three she is the best,
With *her* dates are a pleasure;
At history she's cleverest,
In fact, she is a treasure.

CHORUS. To a duke or a marquis she ought to be wed,
Or a squire of highest degree;
But *she* prefers William Taylor instead —
A simple young gardener he.

SUSAN. Here she comes, let's run to meet her.
All Here she comes, let's warmly greet her.

Enter PHŒBE.

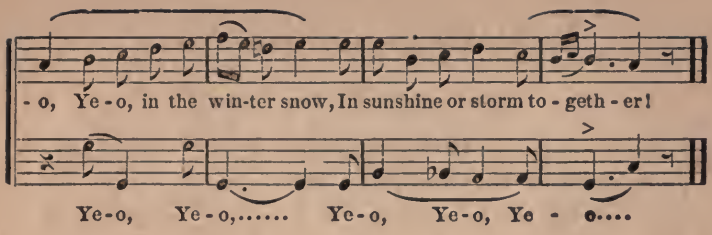
PHŒBE. Yes, schoolfellows, I'm here;
Thanks for your welcome dear.
All. It is your wedding-day,
So all of us are gay —
PHŒBE. Ah! yes, it is my wedding-day!

No. 5. — SONG. — PHŒBE *and* SUSAN.

I.

THE TWO RIVERS.

Andante con espressione.
Up - on her wed - ding day they say, A
girl stands twixt two streams of life, One is the Mai - den
yes - ter - day, The oth - er is the mor - row Wife, The
stream that bore her safe be - fore, She leaves to brave a
stran - ger tide, The bark that waits up - on the shore, Is
cres. rit.
dim.
p dolce.
PHŒBE.
steer'd by him who calls her "bride," Ye - o, Ye - o, to
CH. GIRLS.
Ye - o,
cres.
- to-gether they go, In the gen - tle sum - mer weath - er, Ye
Ye - o, Ye - o,..... Ye - o,.....



II.

Upon the morrow's tide they float,
To cleave for aye their unknown way;
And is this bark a safer boat
Than that which bore her yesterday?
There may, perhaps, be sad regret,
There may be joy for fulfilled dreams;

But never can the wife forget
The day on which she changed the streams.
Yeo! yeo! together they go, &c.

CHORUS. To a duke or a marquis she ought to be wed,
Or a squire of highest degree;
But she prefers William Taylor instead,
A simple young gardener he.

Who will keep the girls in order now? No one. Who will set a good example? No one. Who will win the prizes? No one.

PHŒBE's precepts —

"Always seem to be modest and bashful, yet wise,
Remember the value of using your eyes;
Recollect, too, that money's not easily met,
And always accept every offer you get.
Be polite to all — grandmammas, sisters, and mothers,
For they've all of them grandsons, or own sons, or brothers.
And never forget, the chief object in life
Is to quickly be settled — a well-to-do wife."

The wedding gifts of the simple village maiden — The approach of SIR MINCING LANE and CAPTAIN FLAPPER is signalled by SUSAN — A modest reception — CAPTAIN FLAPPER likes the parish and parishioners — He admires the bride — A contented and grateful peasantry — The simple manners of the country — What PHŒBE FAIRLEIGH may become if WILLIAM follows the example of SIR MINCING LANE, who is essentially

No. 6. — SONG. — Sir Mincing Lane.

I.

THE SELF-MADE KNIGHT.

Ma - ny years a - go I made a start, With
nothing as a gro - cer's boy, I car - ried round par - cels in a
light spring cart, And served out pick-les and soy, By
dint of as - sid - u - i - ty and dex - t'rous hand, I
rose a cash - ier to be, For I al' - ways mixed the
mf Chorus.
su - gar with sand, And sloe leaves sold for tea, For a
self - made man you see in me, Not born of the a - ris -
- toc - ra - cee. It's a feath - er in my cap, That I
cres.
ne - ver cared a rap, How I gath - er'd up my
f
L. S. D, my L. S. D.

II.

SIR M. My master died, and his widow forlorn
I survey'd with a kindly eye;
She was not what is call'd a beauty born,
Nor an angel from the sky.
When I told my love, she bestowed her hand,
And her fortune my bride to be;
She was meant, alas! for a better land,
And didn't live long with me.

For a self-made knight, &c.

CHORUS. For a self-made knight, &c.

III.

Of the City of London Sheriff I was,
When we feasted the King and Court,
And his Majesty made me a knight, because
He esteemed our turtle and port.
I obtained a coat of arms of gorgeous air,
And a first-rate pedigree,
Which proves my ancestors princes were,
But they hadn't got L. S. D.

For a self-made knight, &c.

CHORUS. For a self-made knight, &c.

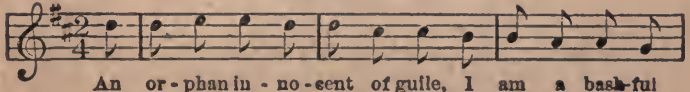
The Villagers are to eat, drink, and be merry, at SIR MINCING'S expense. He cannot fail to be popular.

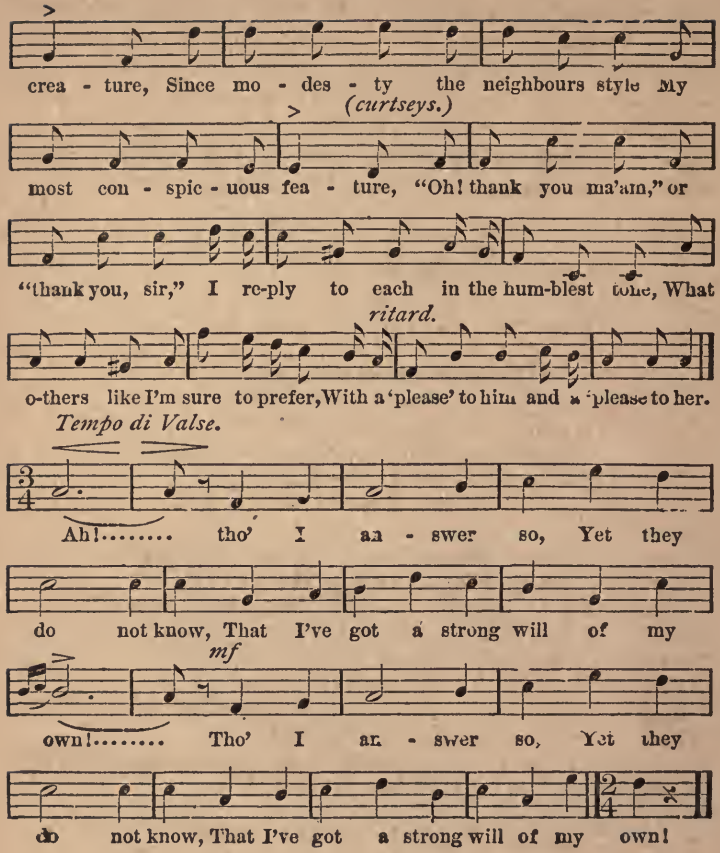
PHŒBE'S soliloquy. — Her determination and strong will expressed in the song.

No. 7. — SONG. — PHŒBE.

I.

THE GUILELESS ORPHAN.




crea - ture, Since mo - des - ty the neighbours style My
(curtseys.)
most con - spic - uous fea - ture, "Oh! thank you ma'am," or
"thank you, sir," I re-ply to each in the hum-blest tone, What
ritard.
o-thers like I'm sure to prefer, With a 'please' to him and a 'please to her.
Tempo di Valse.
Ah!..... tho' I an - swer so, Yet they
do not know, That I've got a strong will of my
mf
own!..... Tho' I an - swer so, Yet they
do not know, That I've got a strong will of my own!

II.

When William first his love disclosed,
My hand in his hand clasping;
To fly I felt the most disposed,
And scarce could speak for gasping.
"I am not sure — what can I say?"
I murmur'd low in a falt'ring tone,
"Oh! you must not — please go away" —
"Well, if you must, perhaps I may."

Though I answer so, &c.

CAPTAIN FLAPPER on the prowl — The abrupt love-making of the Sea-rover — PHŒBE is flattered by the CAPTAIN's condescension — FLAPPER offers to meet the bridegroom in single combat — He salutes the bride, who returns the salute — The mutiny must be suppressed — A respectful scream — Some one comes — Discretion the better part of valor — CRAB to the rescue — His pleadings useless — A blow! — Revenge upon WILLIAM TAYLOR is the idea of CRAB, ARABELLA, and FLAPPER.

No. 8. — TRIO.

ARABELLA, CAPTAIN FLAPPER, *and* CRAB.

(*Together in mock-tragic style.*)

Revenge, revenge, and retribution
Upon young William's head shall fall,
From us he'll get no absolution
Until he dearly pays for all.

FLAP. You will pardon, I am very sure, the question,
But what is it that you intend to do?
ARAB. Can no one give us now a bright suggestion?
CRAB. A plan, I think, that I have got will do.
ARAB. What is it? Speak, I pray!
FLAP. What is it? Prithee say!
CRAB. That is it. [*whispers to* FLAP. — *Music.*
FLAP. Oh! delightful!
CRAB. This is it. [*whispers to* ARAB. — *same business.*
ARAB. Oh! how frightful!

ARAB. } No surer plan could e'er be carried,
FLAP. } If not, remember, he'll be married.
ARAB. 'Tis true, so my consent I give,
For were he wed I could not live,
I could not live.

Together. Hush! hush! silence! not a word!
Hush! hush! let no one know the plot.
Hush! hush! we may be overheard,
Hush! hush! till our revenge we've got,
Hush! hush! hush! hush!

[*Exeunt all to Chorus.*

They go stealthily to work — Hush! Hush! hush!

The happiness of the Bride and Bridegroom — Their mutual confessions — They retire to prepare for the nuptial ceremony.

Susan announces real man-of-war's men — The crew of His Majesty's ship, *Thunderbomb*, led by the bold bo'sun, Ben Barnacle — They sing the praises of their vessel.

No. 9. — SAILORS' CHORUS.

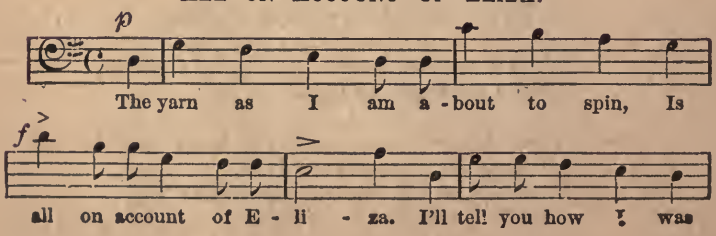
She can swim like a duck,
And her flag's never struck,
But has captured full many a prize, boys!
Not a ship in the fleet
With her can compete,
She can whip any foe twice her size, boys!

Heave, ho! Heave, ho!
When the big guns blow,
When the skulkers with affright are dumb, boys!
Why, she'll weather any sea
If you'll only let her be,
There's no craft like the Thunderbomb, boys!

Barnacle's inquiries — Susan's question, "What brought you here, Eliza?"

No. 10. — SONG.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA.



mf
ta - ken in,.... All on acconnt of E - li - za. She
said that she'd e - ver be true to one, But she
rit.
a tempo.
bolt - ed a-way with a son of a gun! So I cut my stick and to
f
sea I run,.... All on ac-count of E - li - za.
Chorus.
SOP. f
All on ac - count, all on ac - count,
all on account of E - li - za, He cut his stick, and to
sea he run, All on account of E - li - za.

I've nearly been blown away in a gale,
All on account of Eliza;
And I've almost been eaten up by a whale,
All on account of Eliza.

I've had sword cuts by dozens, and I've been shot through,
I've had yellow fever, and also the blue,
I've been bitten by sharks, and by crocodiles, too,
And all on account of Eliza.

My duty is now smart lads to press,
All on account of Eliza;
If they say No, why I say Yes,
All on account of Eliza.

So look up, my messmates, some boys for the sea,
And if to your summons they do not agree,
Why, shiver my timbers, just tell them from me —
It's all on account of Eliza.

A quarter-of-an-hour's sight-seeing granted to the Pressgang — BARNACLE and the Skipper — What BENJAMIN has to do against his conscience for the "Lothariosest" Captain afloat — Conscience is flung to winds — CRAB and FLAPPER are brother conspirators. — The thought is unpleasant — The Captain thinks the Schoolmaster would do better abroad — BARNACLE prepares to drown his better feelings in a glass — The landlady of the "Royal George" — It is, it is, his own Eliza! — The result of being spliced to the boundless ocean — The Wedding-bells begin, and there is heard the

No. 11. — WEDDING CHORUS.

Hark! the merry marriage bells!
(*Bells.*) Ding-a-ding-dong! ding-a-ding-dong!
Joy and hope their music tells,
(*Bells.*) Ding-a-ding-dong! ding-a-ding-dong!
When the parson's task is done,
When the plighted pair are one,
O'er the mead and through the glen
Will resound the clerk's Amen,
The clerk's Amen,
Ding-a-ding-dong! the clerk's Amen! [*Exeunt.*

The arrest of WILLIAM TAYLOR! — BARNACLE is sympathetic, but unyielding to all entreaties — CRAB, the man of peace, is also bound for a man-of-war.

No. 12. — FINALE.

WIL. 'Tis hard by fate thus to be parted,
BEN. Cheer up, messmate! don't be down-hearted,
For I, like you, leave love and beauty
Aboard our craft to do my duty,
(*to men.*) Fall in! close up! we must away!
PHŒBE. Stay for one moment, prithee, stay
O, William, when you're on the sea,
You'll think, my love, sometimes of me;
O promise me, O say you will,
My love, my own, my darling Bill.
WIL. Yes, to you I'll be ever true,
My constant thought shall be of you;
And though for years I mayn't be seen,
You'll keep, I know, my memory green.
PHŒBE. I will. However far your range,
My love for you shall never change.
WIL. Should I come back without ever a leg,
PHŒBE. Still I'll be true to you;
WIL. Should I stump about on a wooden peg,
PHŒBE. Still I'll be true to you.
WIL. Should I be bereft of the sight of my eyes,
Should I come back to you with a parcel of lies,
Should cuts on my arms have reduced their size —
PHŒBE. Still I'll be true to you.
All. (*affected.*) Still she'll be true to you.

Enter SIR MINCING *and* ARABELLA.

SIR M. Come, what's all this?
BEN. My warrant see!
ARAB. O father, save him,
CRAB. And save me!
SIR M. (*examining paper.*) Your authority, sir, I cannot refute,
And His Majesty's right I shall not dispute.
ELIZA (*to* BEN.) Which your conduct, Ben, is that of a brute.
ARAB. (*aside.*) Oh, what have I done? My sorrow's acute!
BEN. Shoulder up! fall in! my hearties all,
We must back to the sea at duty's call.

Chorus. Now brave boys, off, for the long boat waits,
And we must cruise upon the brine, oh!
But we'll soon be back on a homeward tack,
With our pockets full of rhino.

With a fav'ring gale we shall set sail,
When the canvas taut will swell, oh;
So here's a parting glass, and a kiss for every lass,
And to every one a long farewell, oh!

Women. Farewell!
Marines. Away!
Sailors. Hooray! Hooray

TABLEAU.

End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE — *At Portsmouth — The Harbor in the distance.*

No. 1. — CHORUS OF SAILORS AND WOMEN.

BACK again! Back again!
Tho' so far they roam,
Sailors will be rovers still,
Welcome, welcome home.
Back again! Back again!
After victoree,
Vanquishers of France and Spain,
Rulers of the sea.

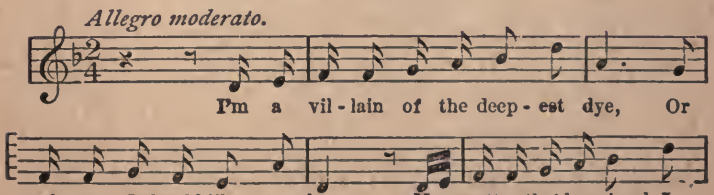
The Terpsichorean revels natural to the British tar.

CRAB, the Mariner — his profession changed but his character the same — No villany to do.

No. 2. — SONG. — CRAB.

I.

THE POOR WICKED MAN.



try, I ne - ver get an op - por - tu - ni - tee. So my
life resem-bles taste-less salt, Or gin - gerbread that has no
spice. But real - ly it is not my
ritard.
fault, I'd do an - ny - thing to plunge in
Allegretto. p
vice. For I'm such an un - for - tu - nate vil - lain, A
Bor - gi - a born out of time, Is there ne - ver a plan for a
f
poor wick-ed man. To ac-complish some ter - ri - ble crime!.... I'm
such an un - for - tu - nate vil - lain, A Bor - gi - a born out of
time, Is there ne - ver a plan for a poor wick-ed man To ac -
f
- complish some ter - ri - ble crime! ter - ri - ble crime!

II.

When a pedagogue I'd often wish
To give prizes to the worst at school,
The good boys I would long to swish,
But I could not carry out the rule.
To scuttle ships I'd like to try,
A traitor's game I'm sure is nice,
Such thoughts are all, alas! "my eye,"
I cannot steep myself in vice.

CHORUS. I'm such an unfortunate villain, &c.

Meditating on Crime — ELIZA DARSEY on the look out for BEN BARNACLE — The recognition — The news of PHŒBE's flight — Who was the "he?" — The danger of life on a cutter — The Parthian warfarer.

WILLIAM and ARABELLA — Familiarity does not always breed contempt.

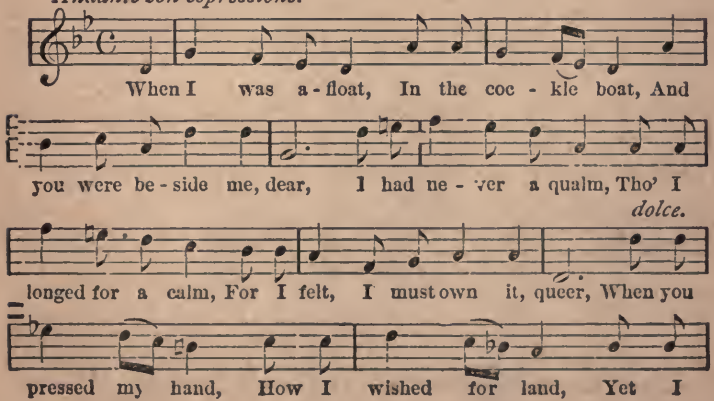
The emotion caused by a sail on the ocean expressed in —

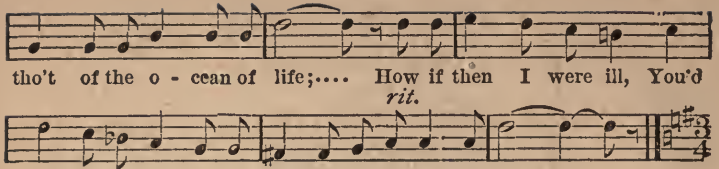
No. 3. — ANGELINA.

I.

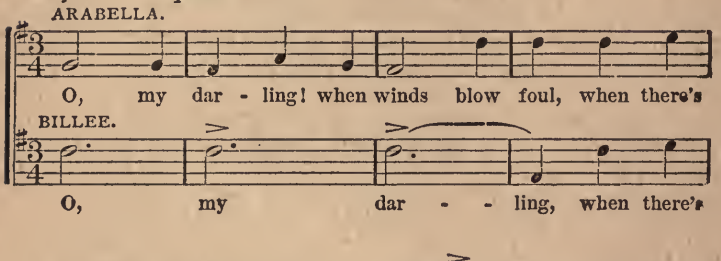
THE BALLAD OF THE BILLOW.

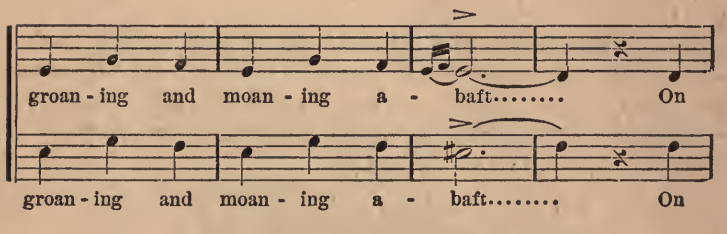
Andante con espressione.

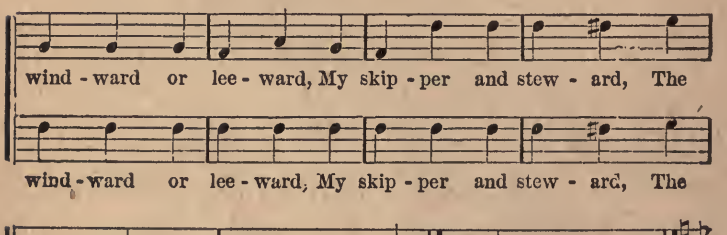

When I was a-float, In the coc - kle boat, And
you were be - side me, dear, I had ne - ver a qualm, Tho' I
dolce.
longed for a calm, For I felt, I must own it, queer, When you
pressed my hand, How I wished for land, Yet I

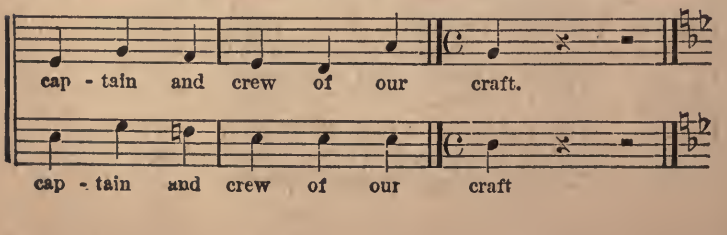


Majore. *Tempo di Valse.*









II.

When the wind fierce blew
I crept near to you
As we sped o'er the angry sea;
When the gale grew worse
You were still my nurse,
And you tended me carefully.
Yes, I must confess
That no stewardess
Could have been more humane than you;
So in life's fiercest gale,
In rain, snow, or hail,
You shall soothe my misgivings anew.

O, my darling, &c.

ARABELLA promises that SIR MINCING LANE will "come down" handsomely — How BILLEE obtained his promotion — The advantage of a runaway horse — *Veni, vidi, vici!* — The man sacrificed to the weak mortal — The loss of fourpence, or rather of a damning piece of evidence — PHŒBE and the Runaways.

No. 4. — THE FAITHFUL CREW.

PHŒBE AND CHORUS.

PHŒBE. (*off*) Hi! hallo!
CHORUS. (*off*) Hi! hallo!
PHŒBE. (*off*) Hi! hallo!

Enter PHŒBE *and* CHORUS.

PHŒBE. I followed my darling Bill to sea.
CHORUS. We all of us followed you.
PHŒBE. I followed him to a far countree.
CHORUS. We all of us followed too.
PHŒBE. But though dangers we've seen,
And though shipwrecked we've been,
We have never yet found Billee;

He's been fighting the foe,
But we all of us know
He has come back again from sea.
CHORUS. He has come back again from sea
To you.
PHŒBE. And his heart, well I know, is ever true.
CHORUS. To you —
Yes, his heart will be ever true.
PHŒBE. He'll kiss me a thousand times, you'll see.
CHORUS. And so he may kiss us too.
PHŒBE. But you shall have sweethearts, just like me.
CHORUS. We like to be just like you
PHŒBE. He'll forgive me my dress
When I frankly confess
Why it was that I went to sea —
That each Jack is a Jill,
Who of her free will
Went afloat to find my Billee.
CHORUS. Went afloat to find your Billee
For you.
PHŒBE. While his heart, well I know's ever true—
CHORUS. To you —
Yes, his heart will be ever true!

The letter not found — PHŒBE is unrecognized — Want of politeness — A lesson in manners.

No. 4*a*. — DUET — "IN DAYS GONE BY."

WILLIAM *and* PHŒBE.

I.

WIL. In days gone by our sires would try
To be to all polite,
To friend or foe they'd always show
Such manners exquisite.
PHŒBE. No sign could tell folks half so well
The true Aristocrat,
As smiling face and courtly grace
Of him, who lifted hat.

Just like that, just like that,
Nothing but a movement with a hat.
You do the thing politely,
You smile or simper brightly,
All that gallants had to do was — just like that.

II.

PHŒBE. In modern days our modern ways
Have lost the grand old style,
For in the street the friends who meet.
Give nod, or wink, or smile.
WIL. But still you see there rules must be
For those who'd shirk the cat:
With heels well closed, and figure posed,
You deftly touch your hat.
CHORUS. Just like that — just like that,
Fingers brought up smartly to the hat.
To make the movement sightly,
You touch the brim quite lightly,
All that sailors have to do is — just like that.

A cold welcome — How to act.

FLAPPER, the Lovelace, follows SUSAN — The voice of Conscience — "RICHARD CARR" — Never repulsed — Yes, once by PHŒBE.

No. 5. — TRIO — "TRIM LITTLE PHŒBE."

FLAP. A trim little craft was Phœbe,
PHŒBE *and* SUS. Was Phœbe,
Was Phœbe.
FLAP. A slim little earthly Hebe,
Yes, Hebe,
Yes, Hebe.
She repelled me. 'Twas sad,
For her charms drove me mad,
And I loved her, 'fore gad.
But you see — she would not hear me.

PHŒBE and SUS. } Well!

FLAP. Perhaps it was wrong,
But I loved her.

PHŒBE and SUS. } How long?

FLAP. Well — as long — just as long as she was near me.
Her lover was Billee Taylor,
Was Taylor,
Was Taylor.
He left her to be a sailor,
A sailor,
A sailor.
But in the Navee
He's found there may be
As good fish in the sea
Not at all —

PHŒBE and SUS. } Well!

FLAP. Not at all dearer,
Perhaps it was wrong.
How long? For he loved her,
Well — while he was,
While he was near her.

FLAPPER relates the love adventures of LIEUTENANT WILLIAM TAYLOR — Never be inconstant — MRS. DABSEY — A Prize! a Sail! the Chase! — SIR MINCING LANE'S Volunteers! — An Idea!

No. 6. — CHORUS. — "WITH FIFE AND DRUM."

Chorus. With fife and drum we bravely come
To check the rash invader,
From England's shore, now as of yore,
We'll chase the new Armada.
Our foeman hear, with rage and fear,
That we in arms assemble,
For the loyal cheers of the Volunteers
Make continental tyrants tremble.

[*They form down to footlights..*]

Yes! all we abandon now that duty calls us,
No sacrifice we make in the least appals us,
So here we are a gallant band
To do or die for old England. [*bis.*

AIR.

SIR M. See the grocer is callous of his figs. [*trumpet call.*
See the farmer makes light of his plough,
While the barber unblock'd leaves his wigs,
[*trumpet call.*
And the grazier abandons his cow. [*drums.*

Unbaked are the loaves of the baker, [*trumpet.*
Unengrossed are the deeds of the lawyer,
And the tap of the gay undertaker [*trumpet.*
Is hush'd with the saw of the sawyer.
[*trumpet and roll of drum to chorus.*

Chorus. The regulars are all very well,
The infantry or grenadiers,
But to stand upon the strand,
And to guard their native land,
Who so brave as the Volunteers,
Who so brave as the Volvnteers?

PHŒBE proposes enlistment at SIR MINCING'S expense — Agreed to, *nem. con.* — BARNACLE and the crew of the 'Thunderbombs' object — A collision imminent between the sea and land forces.

No. 7. — CONCERTED PIECE.

BARNACLE, SIR MINCING, PEŒBE, FLAPPER, AND CHORUS.

BAR. Don't go for to leave us, Richard Carr,
We know what a messmate true you are.
You're a lad who doesn't object to tar,
You're handy as most with rope or spar.
From Portsmouth harbor to Antiguar,
There's no better sailor than Richard Carr!

SIR M. He's ours! his coat will soon be red,
On shore henceforth he'll fight instead,
And from the sea will sever —

CHORUS. For ever!

BAR. Look here, we ain't a-going to lose
The smartest man of all our crews;
He'll fight among the old true blues,
Or never!

VOLUN. He's ours! So, brave boys, steady!
SAIL. Come on, come on, we're ready!
Come on, come on!

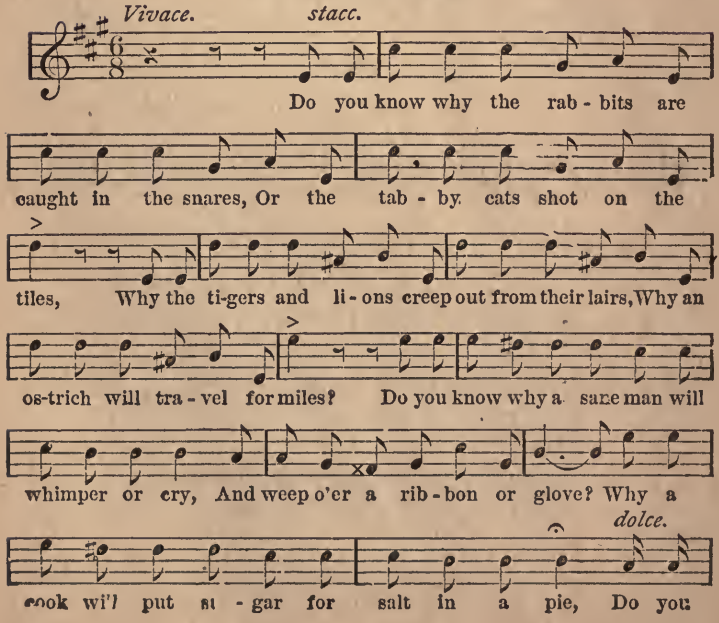
Enter FLAPPER.

FLAP. Stop, stop! nor moral law despise,
By blacking thus each other's eyes.
Brave messmates, bear with him, for I
Can tell, I think, the reason why.
CHORUS. Let's hear, let's hear the reason why!

SONG. — FLAPPER.

I.

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.


Vivace.
stacc.
Do you know why the rab - bits are
caught in the snares, Or the tab - by cats shot on the
tiles, Why the ti-gers and li - ons creep out from their lairs, Why an
os-trich will tra - vel for miles? Do you know why a sane man will
whimper or cry, And weep o'er a rib - bon or glove? Why a
dolce.
cook will put su - gar for salt in a pie, Do you

ritard.
cres.
know? Well, I'll tell you, it's love, it's love....
mf Allegro moderato.
Love! love! love! The first-born of cre - a - tion!
Love! love! love! the god of ev - 'ry na - tion!
Love! love! love! in each and ev - 'ry sta - tion! The
ru - ler of the u - ni - verse is Love! love! love!

II.

Do you know why a plain girl will think herself fair,
Or a clever man wisdom refuse?
Do you know why a dwarf rises yards in the air,
And a giant sinks into his shoes?

Do you know why a brave man takes refuge in flight,
While a coward no danger can move?
Why night becomes day, and day becomes night,
Do you know? Well, I'll tell you — it's Love!
Love! love! love!

CHORUS. Then you're in love?
PHŒBE. Yes! I'm in love!
CHORUS. In love?
PHŒBE. In love!
BAR. No other plea our hearts could move,
We recognize the power of Love!

The power of Love exemplified — BARNACLE's suggestion — The usual thing — ELIZA again! FLAPPER gives chase, as does BENJAMIN — The position of son-in-law to a rich knight not to be despised, in WILLIAM's estimation — The gross familiarity of CRAB receives an unpleasant check — CRAB cries for vengeance.

BARNACLE cuts out the CAPTAIN, and brings in ELIZA a prize — FLAPPER follows, with sword and pistol — His own bo'sun! not one of Mother Carey's chickens either — Disgust of FLAPPER — BARNACLE takes possession of the weapons — The lass that loves a sailor.

PHŒBE's fruitless search!

A tar in tears — Mutual recognition — WILLIAM's marriage announced — PHŒBE's despair, rage, and resolution! Revenge!

No. 8. — CONCERTED PIECE.

Enter BARNACLE *and* SAILORS.

PHŒBE. See here, my lads, what would you do,
If you should find your love untrue,
And courting with another?

Sailors. What would we do?
What would we do?

BAR. I'll just tell you what we would do,
And save a deal of bother:
We either punch that other's head,
Or fix him with an ounce of lead,
And shoot the rascal dead, dead, dead.
That's what we'd do,

Sailors. That's what we'd do.

PHŒBE. I almost dare — I will prepare!
So quickly bring me sword and pistol,
Forth to come at my command!
And I'll shoot the treacherous villan!
Shoot him with my own right hand!

Sailors. Bravo! bravo! here's sword and pistol ready!
And mind, lad, you are steady.

PHŒBE. My mind's made up. I'm ready!

Sailors. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

On the track of the deceiver!

WILLIAM and ARABELLA name the happy day — CRAB the Spy!

CRAB's look-out — Ho, ho! delectable villany!

The lovers! the start! the catastrophe — Arrest of RICHARD CARR.

No. 9. — CONCERTED PIECE — "I AM NO MAN."

PHŒBE, ARABELLA, WILLIAM, FLAPPER, AND CHORUS.

PHŒBE. Stay, stay, for I am no man,
Stay, stay, I am a woman!
CHORUS. A woman!
PHŒBE. Yes, yes, I am a woman!
FLAP. Explain this marvellous assertion.
CHORUS. Explain! explain!
PHŒBE. 'Tis not because of your coercion,
But I'll explain.
Not very long ago I loved
So truly that I thought
My heart could never be unmoved,
And his could ne'er be bought.
Our wedding-day had dawned so gay,
The bells rang out for me,
When four and twenty seamen came
And pressed him for the sea.
(*to* WIL.) For I'm Phœbe, for I'm Phœbe.
Yes I am, you sneak.
I am Phœbe, I am Phœbe.
Whom you thought very weak.
I am Phœbe, I am Phœbe.
Dare you look or speak.
If so, then you'll not find your Phœbe
Weak! weak! weak!
WIL. By such remarks I'm merely bored
Since Virtue is its own reward.
Its own reward.
For here is she who loves me true,
A cut above she is to you.
She is to you.
ARAB. Not very long ago I loved
My heart was not my own
And still to-day it is unmoved
And he has kinder grown.
Of village maid I'm not afraid,
Though dressed in travestie;

For Billy Taylor is my own,
And thinks alone of me.
For I'm Ara — Ara — bella.
Not abashed you see!
For I'm Ara — Ara — bella
Who'll be wedded to Billee.
I am Ara — Ara — bella
Who sent him off to sea.
And I mean to keep him — all of him —
For me! me! me!

The rescue of CRAB! The witness from the sea — The French Commander's letter! CAN BILLEE TAYLOR be a coward?

No. 10.—GRAND FINALE.

FLAP. This is a statement most untoward,
Can Billee Taylor be a coward.
CHORUS. A coward! a coward!
WIL. Oh, moral pluck's enough for me,
A virtuous coward let me be.
CHORUS. Let him be,
A virtuous coward let him be.
FLAP. Sure such remarks should strike me dumb,
No longer of the Thunderbomb
Shall you Lieutenant be.
You are disrated,
CHORUS. He is disrated.
PHŒBE. And pray, sir, what becomes of me?
FLAP. To me be mated.
PHŒBE (*bashfully*). I will be mated.
FLAP. And further let courageous grace
Fill Billee Taylor's vacant place,
For I make you full Lieutenant
Of the Thunderbomb.

CHORUS. He makes her First Lieutenant
Of the Thunderbomb.
Perhaps this elevation may of comfort
Bring a crumb.
For now you are Lieutenant of the Thunderbomb.
Yes, { now you are / now I am } Lieutenant of the Thunderbomb.

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